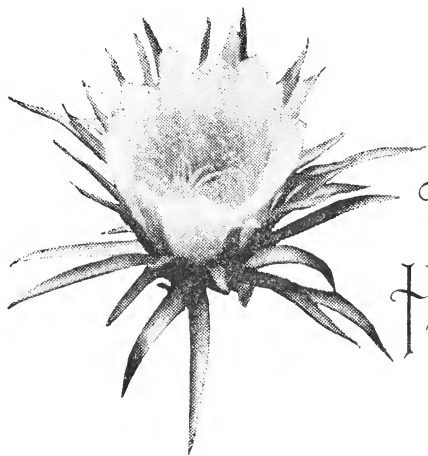


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An Offering



From
Hawaii

O wondrous flower, so radiant, pure and bright,
Thou bloomest but to brighten one dark night!
Go little book, fear not, do thy small part,
Content to cheer one sad and lonely heart!



Every-day Thoughts
For
Every-day People

By
May L. Bentarick

Honolulu, Hawaii

PS 3535
E77 E8
1919

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

to

MY HUSBAND

*by whose side I have been permitted to labor for
thirty-seven years.*

*Always my inspiration and my "Understanding Friend,"
he has encouraged me to publish this
small collection.*

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By May L. Restarick

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providing the author's name is given.]

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INTRODUCTION.

O POETS, masters of the art,
Immortal glory be your part!
This humble poet seeks not fame;
This verse to greatness lays no claim;
But if some simple thought of mine
Should cause the light of truth to shine,
Should help some troubled soul to live,
Or hope or cheer or courage give,
How great my joy, how sweet my task!
No other happiness I ask!

MAY L. RESTARICK.

A Christmas Greeting.

ONCE again, dear friends, we greet you,
On this Holy, Happy Day,
With the old familiar greeting,
In our own Hawaiian way;
Fond "Alohas" we would offer,
Twined with leis and garlands gay,
Fragrant flowers and Island Holly,
Bear our love this Christmas Day.

The Cathedral Cloisters.

MUSING in the moon-lit cloisters,
Ghost-like shadows, flitful, play!
Phantom forms, familiar, pass me,
Visions as of yesterday!

Through the dim, arched, pillared portals,
Comes the sound of voices sweet!
O'er the hard resounding pavement,
Comes the tramp of many feet!

Now the white-robed choirs are singing
Angels' songs on earth again!
Sweet the Christ-Child's message bringing,
Peace on earth, good will to men!

A Christmas Acrostic.

Recited at Iolani School by nine little boys, each holding one
of the letters that spell Christmas.

- C** is for Christmas to children most dear,
The gladdest and merriest time of the year!
- H** is for Holy, which Christmas should be,
A Holy Day, truly, to you and to me!
- R** is for Reverence; all hearts should be stirred
To worship the Christ, His Name and His Word!
- I** is for Islands all over the earth,
Where children are singing the songs of His birth!
- S** is for Saviour, long promised of old,
Of whom in the Scriptures the prophets foretold!
- T** is for Truth which Christ came to reveal
To hearts that receive Him, to bless and to heal!
- M** is for Mary the Mother so blessed,
Who cradled the Christ on her own loving breast!
- A** is for Angels who sang at His birth
Of peace and good will to all nations of earth!
- S** is for Soldier; for Christ we must fight
Till Satan is vanquished and right conquers might!

To Leonard and Lorraine—
Aloha.

WELCOME friends! A right glad welcome!
Flowers and leis, what gifts more meet?
Tokens of our fond Alohas,
Friends or strangers thus we greet!

Welcome, then, to dear Hawaii!
Land of sunshine, land of dreams!
Here for you in Life's bright noontide,
May Love shed his kindest beams!

Welcome, Lorraine, to our homeland,
Malihini though you be,
Open arms clasp you as kinsman,
Love has spanned the great, wide sea!

Welcome, Leonard! Welcome, brother,
With your bride, our sister sweet,
How the family circle widens,
Growing more and more complete!

Once again our fond Aloha!
Tender, soulful message sweet,
In the language of Hawaii,
Thus we part and thus we meet!

A Hawaiian Greeting.

THOUGH 'tis only a nod as of greeting,
The violet gives as you pass,
Yet 'tis like a sweet smile at first meeting,
To the stranger who crosses your path!

Aloha! The scented breeze carries
The fragrance which friendship bestows!
This word in the memory tarries
Like the perfume distilled by the rose!

Then here's to the stranger at greeting,
A hand-shake both hearty and true,
Our tender Alohas repeating
Hawaii's sweet welcome to you!

'Tis a land of bright sunshine and flowers,
A Garden of Eden abloom!
You may dream in the shade of its bowers,
Where strangers may always find room!

Here the sunshine dispels clouds of sorrow,
As a sunburst disperses the dew!
May your dream of a brighter tomorrow
Be a sunburst of jewels for you!

The Call of Hawaii Nei.

'TWAS the call of a voice by night and day,
That bade me come away
From the land of storms, without delay,
To the Land of Hawaii *nei*.

'TWas here I found rest for heart and soul!
At last I have reached the goal!
For I know that Heaven is not far away,
From the Land of Hawaii *nei*!

'TWas here I found the freedom I sought
From care and anxious thought!
Here I feel so near to God when I pray,
In the Land of Hawaii *nei*!

I shall hear a Voice again, "Come away!"
And I shall not fear to obey,
For Heaven is only a step away
From the Land of Hawaii *nei*!

November in Hawaii.

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

NO THREATENING clouds, no stormy skies,
No frosty air that stings the eyes,
No fog that hides the sun for days,
No snow that blocks the travellers' ways;
No need of fires upon the hearth;
No blues—of mirthful hearts, no dearth;
No winds that howl and pierce one through,
No squeak of ghosts adown the flue!
No smoking chimneys causing wrath,
No bursting pipes—no freezing bath!
No falling leaves all brown and dead,
No cold, damp sheets, no icy bed!
No lack of flowers, of fruits and trees,
No lack of sunshine, birds and bees!
No-vember!

The Dying Day.

UPON a couch of gold the dying day
Breathed its last breath and sank away
In slumber sweet, and as its soul took flight,
The moon and stars came out and lent their light
To point the way to worlds unknown to men.
Upward it flew straight to its God again!
Life's little day on earth shall fade away
But lives to shine unto the Perfect Day!

"I Had a Friend."

WHEN asked his source of touch divine,
His sympathy, so deep and fine,
For human souls and human needs,
That master-mind, Charles Kingsley, said:
"I had a friend! Though long since dead,
His spirit lives, and upward leads,
Inspiring me to kindlier deeds!"

Just so great Tennyson was fired
By Hallam, who, as friend, inspired
His "In Memoriam," which shall live,
In heights and depths of thoughts sublime,
Unreached by poets since his time.
His friend enriched his life and thought,
And love and death a mystery wrought;
His heart still bruised by grief, o'erlong,
Sought surcease in a burst of song!
O poet, worthy of renown,
To thee belongs the victor's crown!
But in that coronal of fame,
Forever shines fair Arthur's name!

Then let my prayer to God ascend:
"Give me an understanding friend!
My soul cries out its need to Thee
Of human love and sympathy!"

Comrades.

THRO' storm and calm and wintry weather,
What we've been thro', we three together!
We've climbed the hills and steep ravines,
For miles we've tramped thro' varied scenes!
Thro' thick and thin you've stood the test,
But now, brave comrades, you must rest!
All unawares old age creeps on,
Your days of toil are past and gone!
The battle's for the young and strong!
The way is hard, the journey long.
But I must hasten to the end,
Alone perhaps without a friend!
When stiff with pain and bruised my knee,
Footsore and tired, you carried me!
Yet, now you lie, mates, side by side,
So worn and spent and old, I've cried:
" 'Tis heartless, cruel and unkind
To leave you here, at last, behind!"

Yet so we journey through life's day;
Our comrades drop beside the way!
The best of friends must part, we know,
But O we grieve to have it so!
Good-bye, old comrades, tried and true!
A last fond look, a last adieu!
The hour has come, I cannot choose!
I must go on! Good-bye, old Shoes!

Theodore Roosevelt.

“WHEN shall we look upon his like again!”
The whole world echoes the despairing cry!
No common clay could hold thee, prince of men!
Thy spirit burst its chains! It could not die!
Thy soul upborne to worlds beyond our ken
Lives on! Though for thy fleshly form we sigh,
Thy voice still speaks, as did thy mighty pen
For righteousness! Thou didst exemplify
The truth incarnate, justice, liberty!
Equality, fraternity didst teach!
O flaming torch of immortality,
True beacon light thou art, whose rays shall reach
The hearts of men, beyond the halls of fame,
And unborn millions shall revere thy name!

On the Death of a Young Mother.

O EASTER lilies, pure and white and fair,
 'Tis meet that thou shouldst deck the mortal bier
 Of this young mother, so beloved, so dear!
O type of womanhood, most rare!
In heart and soul, she, too, was passing fair!
 The fragrance of her life, like thine, sweet flower,
 Was incense sweet! Thou bloomest in this hour
To scatter thy rich fragrance on the air;
To lay thy tribute, glorious, at her feet—
 To twine thy wreath of victory on her brow!
O Grave, thou must surrender to defeat!
 She rises to the Life Immortal now!
O Motherhood, fair flower of Sacrifice,
Thou'lt bloom for evermore in Paradise.

NOTE:—These lines were written in memory of Elizabeth B. Gordon, who died on Monday of Easter Week, 1919.

The Betrothal.

THEY say that life is like a cup,
O'erflowing in good measure!
Some find but bitter dregs to sup,
While some find sweetest pleasure!

"For better or for worse," we wed!
Whichever we may find it,
If we are wise, we'll drink it down,
If worse, nor seem to mind it!
The bitter with the sweet oft goes,
But leaves sweet taste behind it!

So may you find, dear Marjorie,
In yours, abundant sweetness!
May every drop be purest joy,
Of unalloyed completeness!

The Wedding Day.

O HAPPY day, when, each to each,
As Christ and Holy Church doth teach,
We pledged our troth, and kneeling there,
At God's high Altar breathed a prayer,
For grace throughout this earthly life,
Our vows to keep as man and wife;
For love like Thine, which casts out fear!
For trust and faith and hope which cheer!
Thy Benediction on us pour!
Lord, help us love Thee more and more!

To My Sweetheart.

LET me whisper the words, soft and low, Sweetheart,
Lest the listening Night should hear!
So sacred the language of youth's first love,
Like the child's first lisp, so dear!

Since the hour that we met, every heart-beat, dear one,
Was yours, and the same whispered you!
So we sealed our vows with a holy kiss,
In a love-light from Heaven's own blue!

The Night with its thousand eyes looked down,
As we plighted our troth then and there,
But we heeded them not, for through lover's eyes,
Our skies gleamed with stars more fair!

Through all the long years that have passed, Sweetheart,
Our skies have not always been fair,
But though sometimes with clouds of sorrow o'ercast,
Yet of joys, God has sent us our share!

And lest we forget those endearments of youth,
Love's language, so tender and true,
I plight thee my troth, anew, in these lines,
Which are written, my Sweetheart, for you!

(37th Wedding Anniversary.)

One Shall Be Taken and the Other Left.

St. Matt. 24:40-41.

THE preacher paused! I held my breath!

I seemed to see the Angel Death!

I heard no more, my heart beat fast,

Before me yawned a chasm vast!

A cloud spread o'er me like a pall,

Like clods upon the coffin fall,

So fell these words upon my ear,

My heart stood still with sudden fear!

O Lord, which one wilt Thou name first?

I know not which to dread the worst!

Must it be I to go alone

To that strange land through paths unknown?

If it be you, and I must stay

Without my guide to point the way,

How dark my path and sad my tears,

Or long or short my span of years!

Dear Heart, we have been long together

Through wind and storm and sunny weather!

Since one must go and one must stay,

Which would we choose, if we could say?

We know that day must come, sweetheart!

We only know that we must part!

These forms so dear, we've loved on earth,

Are clay to Him who gave them birth!

To knit our souls as one, divine,
His changeless purpose and design
Is God's! Say not that we must part,
For where I am thou surely art!

If I am called and you must stay,
My soul to yours is knit alway!
If you must go, and I must stay,
Your soul in mine will light the way!

Dear heart of mine, we're growing old!
Life's tale for us will soon be told!
In heart and soul and mind may we
Be one through all eternity!

Lines on the Birth of a Child.

O LITTLE one, thou comest to a world
Too beautiful and bright to gaze upon!
Thine eyes are blinded by the dazzling sight!
Thou canst not bear the sun's fierce blaze of light!
And so, to while the long, bright hours away,
Thou slumberest, sweetly dreaming night and day
Of Angels, who, in fancy hover yet
Above thy cradle, lingering with regret,
To leave thee on the earth at God's behest!

So lovingly upon thy mother's breast
Thou liest! From her inhaling life, that so,
Imbibing sweets which thou alone canst know,
Thy little beating heart with warmth expands
Into a blissful smile, whose heaven-lit ray
Diffuses warmth and love along life's way!
Around thy dimpled mouth the sunbeams play,
Chasing the gloom from saddened hearts away!

So like a flower thou art, O little one!
A lily-bud expanding in the sun!
Its fairy petals bursting into bloom,
And filling with its fragrance all the room!

O miracle divine! O wondrous birth!
Thro' thee, sweet babe, we see God stoop to earth!
Out of the deep the anguished cry was heard!
The Father's heart of love with pity stirred!
He spake the word! A living soul was born!
With tears of joy, we hailed the happy morn!

Enough! Thou comest, longed-for child of love!
To fill our hearts with joy from Heaven above!
Transcending every earthly happiness,
To satisfy, to comfort and to bless!

With trembling hands, O God, and holy fear,
We take this token of Thy love, so dear!
In gratitude we dedicate to Thee
His life and ours to all eternity!

To an Opening Bud.

TINY bud and blossom fair,
Type of innocence, most rare,
Fragrance, like the breath of Spring,
To my heart, such joy, you bring!

In thy heart, O lovely flower,
Lies the secret of thy power!
Symbol of God's love is there,
Fragrance, spreading everywhere!

Messenger from God thou art!
Telling my poor, longing heart,
Love is God and God is Love!
Holiest message from above!

He who safe guard ever keeps,
And whose watchful eye ne'er sleeps,
Cares for every flower that grows!
Cares for my sweet budding rose!

Watch the baby-bud unfold!
Wealth of mysteries untold!
Sparkling drops of pearly dew!
Baby tear-drops glisten too!

To give joy the Artist chose
Colors rare to paint the rose!
Kindling hearts with pure desires,
Faith in God, such joy inspires!

Sweet reflection from the skies,
Azure blue are Baby's eyes!
In their depths his soul I see!
Mirrored image, Lord, of Thee!

In the Rose I see Thee, Lord!
Thee, the Babe, by Earth adored!
Let me worship at Thy feet,
For in Thee is joy complete!

To My Grandchildren.

O Little Feet!

O LITTLE feet that have so far to go,
What is it makes your grandma love you so?
Yes' e'en your prints upon the polished floor
But make her love you ever more and more!
What, naughty? No, your grandma would not chide,
Tho' maids are cross it cannot be denied!
'Tis hallowed ground whereon the angels tread!
O, blessings on those toes so pink and red!

O keep them, Father, in the narrow way,
Nor let them wander far from Thee astray!
If wayward, bring them back into the fold,
Seek them in love upon the barren wold.
Jesu, in mercy, guide their erring feet,
And lead them to Thy pastures pure and sweet.

Peggy May.

O, A WINSOME little darling is our Baby, Peggy May
And she grows a bit more winsome day by day!

How I wish you did but know her,
And that you might gaze upon her,
Brimming full of fun and mischief at her play!

O, a busy little darling, is our Baby, Peggy May!
Like a butterfly she's winging all the day!

She is never still a minute!
Other babies are not in it,
With this sprightly little midget, Peggy May!

O, a happy little darling, is our Baby, Peggy May!
Like a humming-bird she flits midst flowers gay!

To each honey-cup she goes,
And she pokes her little nose,
Sipping sweets and rare delights the livelong day!

O, a chatter-box, she surely is, our Baby Peggy May!
But her prattle fills our ears with music gay!

She lords it over Brother,
And she gets her way with Mother,
And her Daddy hasn't heart to say her nay!

O, a sleepy little darling, is our Baby, Peggy May!
And the drowsy head drops low at close of day!

Dreamy eyes are closing tight,
As to all she smiles Good-night!
Into Dreamland she has floated, far away!

A Baby's Hand.

HAVE you felt the touch of a baby's hand?
How it thrills one's soul with delight!

Like tendrils, the wee, soft fingers cling
Round the heart, in their grasp so tight!

O, so helpless it is as it reaches out,
As if it would find the way
To grasp all the beautiful things in sight
For its playthings, to hold for a day!

O, the tender clasp of a baby's hand,
How it nerves the weak to be strong!
In the battle of life, in a world of strife,
It has righted many a wrong!

It has softened the hard and calloused heart
To respond to humanity's need;
It has opened the heart of the purse-proud rich
And emptied it of its greed!

O, the power that lies in a baby's hand!
It lightens life's burdens so!
With its fairy touch, it lights love's spark,
And sets the whole world aglow!

To My Daughter Margaret.

“Little Sunshine.”

LITTLE Sunshine is her name;
How can I, then, be to blame
If I long to have her stay
Close beside me all the day?

Sunshine has an artless grace,
Sunshine has a smiling face;
And the sunglints from her hair
Shed their brightness everywhere!

Sunshine warms my cold, sad heart
Into life by her sweet art;
Changes dark to sunny days
By her bright and sunny ways.

When my skies are overcast,
And the clouds are gathering fast,
Little Sunshine sheds her beams,
Then how bright all 'round it seems!

Dismal fears, like shadows, creep,
Just then Sunshine takes a peep;
To the winds they scatter, when
Sunshine dares them come again!

Travellers.

T IRED children, sobbing, sighing,
Find relief on Mother's breast!
So upon old Ocean's bosom,
Wearied souls seek peace and rest!
Skimming o'er the broad Pacific,
Rocking on her heaving breast,
Bearing treasures, heavy-laden,
Joyous hearts and hearts oppressed,
Safe to port our good ship bears us!
God be praised, adored and blessed!
Bring us Home, at last, dear Saviour,
Haven of our perfect rest!

Evening.

T HE twilight shadows now appear,
The evening of my life draws near!
Be Thou my Lamp, O Savior dear!
Then though the night be chill and drear,
And new and strange the sounds I hear,
Though doubts assail, I shall not fear,
With Thee to guide, with Thee to cheer!
Be Thou my Lamp, O Savior dear!

Morning.

A ND then as darkness flees away,
And breaks that great and Glorious Day,
O let me in Thy Radiance stay!
Be Thou my Light and Sun, alway!

Fling Out the Banner.

THE Flag has come again into its own!
It wakes a slumbering nation to its feet!
Bids it rebuke in no uncertain tones
Man's inhumanity to brother man!
It calls to arms! It bids the weak be strong!
Too long the sword has rusted in its sheath!
Forgotten are the battles fought and won
For God and Country and our fellow-man!

Too long the tyrant's heel upon the weak
Has gone unpunished, and by halting speech
We stand accused! The guilt of wicked Cain
Is stamped upon our nation's brow today!
What answer did we give to God's clear call,
Our brothers' dire extremity to meet?
"Am I his keeper?" shamelessly we cried!
And under this for subterfuge did hide!

As neutrals, stultified, and steeped in pride!
As pacifists, self-righteous, satisfied!
Nor thought of Christ our Lord, the Crucified!
In this the Solemn Season, Passion-tide,

His Voice we hear, no longer we mistake.
He calls us to account, bids us repent,
Reminds us of the precious blood outpoured
Upon the Cross that we might live again.

Just as the Cross, the Christian's banner, calls
To deeds of love and Christ-like charity,
So our loved Flag calls each to sacrifice
Our very blood to wash the Nation's stain!
For God and Liberty it ever stands,
Symbol of honor and of victory!
Till peace shall reign and we its triumph share,
Flying out the Nation's Banner, everywhere!

April 4, 1917.

America.

WHAT country do I love the best?

America, America!

Most fruitful land, most truly blest,

America, America!

From shore to shore, from East to West,

From North to South, from mountain's crest,

Her people are the happiest!

America, America!

A Hymn for Victory.

AMERICA, the free,
Fighting 'gainst tyranny
On land and sea.
Destined by God to be
Champion of Liberty,
All eyes are turned to thee
For victory.

Fighting with all our powers,
Let Victory be ours,
God help us win.
Forth in Thy Name we fare,
O hear a Nation's prayer,
The Victor's Crown to wear,
God help us win.

O God be with our hosts,
Let no vain, foolish boasts
Rob us of power.
Be Thou our sword and shield
Upon the battlefield,
Till Satan's doom is sealed
In victory's hour.

God guide the men who fly
Through wide expanse of sky,
God guard our men.
Thro' dangerous flights of air,

Thro' storm or sunshine fair, ,
Protect their lives and spare,
God guard our men.

O God, upon the wave
Stretch forth Thine arm and save
Our valiant men.
From foes that lurk in wait,
Our ships with precious freight,
Spare them a cruel fate,
God spare our men.

Fling Out the Banner!

[Adapted from Hymn 253.]

FLING out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The flag for which our fathers died.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The Stars and Stripes wherever found
Wave over freedom's holy ground.

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Symbol of justice, liberty;
To Thee, O God, aloud we cry,
Again give us the Victory.

Lines to a Young Man Who Fell in Battle.

SLEEP, beloved! 'Tis not in vain
Thou hast fallen in the strife,
Yielding up thy pure, young manhood,
Thou hast gained eternal life!

Sleep, beloved! Thy life was filled
With brave deeds that cannot die,
And in death, O Christian hero,
Thou thy Lord didst glorify!

Sleep, beloved! Thy Master's love
Drew thee gently to His breast!
Following Him thou didst leave all things—
All the gifts the world deems best.

Sleep, beloved! Thy pilgrimage
Ended ere it knew despair!
What have we who linger longer?
More of sin and toil and care!

Sleep, beloved! No marble shaft
Lifts its head thy fame to tell,
But a nameless grave, with others
Lying where they fought and fell!

Sleep, beloved! In silent prayer
Pondering all thou gavest for me,
Life and all that made life precious,
What but tears may I give thee!

Sleep, beloved! Time passes on,
But forgotten thou canst not be,
For thy deeds in song and story
Shall be sung in praise of thee.

A Prayer.

(For the Use of the Afflicted)

HELP me bear my cross, dear Savior,
Thou hast given me one so great,
That I groan and stagger blindly,
Crushed beneath its awful weight!

Is this following Thee, my Master,
Climbing Calvary's rugged road,
Murmuring and complaining never
At the heavy, weary load?

Who but Thou couldst bear with patience,
Loneliness and deep distress,
Fainting, bleeding—then forsaken
By the friends Thou sought'st to bless!

When I think my cross too heavy,
Savior, make me think of Thine!
Make me see Thy blood-stained wound prints!
Then how light this cross of mine!

Victory.

BORNE upon the wings of Heaven
Speeds the message East and West,
Driving sorrow, pain and anguish
From the earth's sad, aching breast.

Victory! The foe is vanquished!
Truth has triumphed gloriously;
God has heard the cry of Justice,
Freedom, Peace and Liberty!

Comes the day of retribution,
Tyrants, trembling, yield their sway;
Visions of the slain by millions
Rise in frightful, grim array.

Comes the day of the Avenger!
Comes the terrible swift sword!
Thunders our His mighty sentence,
Outcasts, henceforth, from the Lord!

Henceforth banished from God's Presence,
Spirits vainly seeking rest;
Now they hear the cries of anguish
Of the tortured and oppressed.

To Thy Mercy, Lord, we leave them;
Thine the vengeance, Thine the power!
Light from heaven, O shed Thy radiance,
Guide the nations in this hour.

November 11, 1918.

What Is Life?

A HIDDEN thought in the heart of God!
A seed upspringing beneath the sod;
A shape and form pushing up thro' the clod!
A face looking up to the face of its God!

With sunshine and air and room to grow,
Refreshed from above, sustained from below,
With strength to meet every wind that blows,
And calm endurance against its foes.

To burst at last into glorious bloom,
Its mission fulfilled, and then—to make room
For others to come in the self-same way!
Awaiting a yet more glorious day!

With obedient trust in a loving God,
It sleeps in its bed just under the sod,
Neither fearing nor feeling the weight of a clod,
To awake to new life at the call of its God!

Easter, 1919.

To the Lone Palm in Emma Square.

Thy Sentinel Am I.

THE king of palms, I rear my royal head,
And take a broad survey of men and things;
O'er hallowed ground I view Time's measured tread,
And sigh to mark the change each cycle brings!
There stands the Tower in memory of the dead!
The Church where men adore the King of Kings!
There words of praise and prayer are daily said,
And anthems loud the white-robed choir sings.
Beneath my shade the laughing children play;
Of every race I've watched them come and go!
I've looked on prince and pauper by the way!
Heard many a lover's tale and tale of woe!
And once I saw a man resolved to die!
I waved my branches wildly to and fro,
Which caused him to look up and sadly sigh!
In gazing upward, hope was born anew!
As on the Cross he cast his troubled eye,
Despair forsook him and he stronger grew!
The tolling bell proclaimed the hour of prayer—
He rose and joined the throng that worshipped there.

St. Andrew's Cathedral.

O PILGRIM from afar, come worship here,
Where East meets West, where customs old and new
Are blended in sweet harmony, in tune
With Nature sweet, whose music charms the ear
Attuned to beauty and the sacred art!
Where Spring and Summer, joined in wedlock, pour
Their blessings on mankind of every race!
Come, breathe the Heaven-scented air of Home,
O pilgrim, at the shrine of Mother Church!
"The Spirit and the Bride say Come," and kneel
On bended knee before God's Altar there!
Renew the solemn vows thou once didst take!
As babe, thy sponsors prayed and vowed their vows!
As youth, thy Confirmation vows didst make!
And at the Holy Table didst receive
The Heavenly Food, of which thou didst partake
To strengthen and confirm the inner man!
And then to man's estate, when thou hadst come,
Thy bride, to God's high Altar, thou didst lead,
And on thy lips thy marriage vows didst take!
For all the joys and blessings from God's Hand,
O come, in reverence humbly bow thy head!
Come, kneel and worship Him enshrined within
This holy Temple, sacred to His Name,
To rise refreshed in heart and mind and soul,
To meet the world with all its care and woe!

Ode to the Old Year.

OLD YEAR, it seems but yesterday
That thou wert born! A babe thou wert
So full of life and promised joy!
I clasped thee to my breast, and hope
Was born anew in my sad heart!
Each day my pulses wildly thrilled
With some new ecstasy of joy!
But as thou older grew, I found
Thou also broughtest anxious care!
Yet happiness outweighing all,
We gaily tripped life's pleasant paths!
Together laughed, together sighed,
As hand in hand we journeyed on!
Soon, all too soon, I wearied thee!
Too slow and laggardly my pace;
Thou didst outrun me in the race!
The babe had grown into the man!
And yet I did the more rejoice!
Maturer age brought deeper joys!
Though deeper pain and anxious fears,
Forebodings of the future years,
Tugged at my heart-strings day and night!
Then slowly the conviction grew,
Thy youth was gone, and well I knew
Old age was gathering thee! At last
Thy days were numbered! Then I thought
To fill them with kind deeds of love!

I count the hours beside thy bed!
I watch the flickering light grow dim!
What memories throng thick and fast,
Of treasured gifts that thou didst bring!

Old year, smile once again on me
Before thou dost depart! Give me
Thy benediction, grasp my hand,
And courage, fresh, give me to live
My span of life, when thou art gone!

Lines to the Old Year.

OLD Year, of Joy thou gav'st me generous share,
Of Sorrow, too—and many an anxious care,
Yet, weighing each, full justice do I find,
Thou didst give both to be most truly kind!

Ofttimes when cruel grief surged thro' my breast,
I murmured I should thus be sore oppressed!
But now in retrospect I've learned to smile,
As traveler over many a weary mile
Looks down from heights attained and mile-stones passed,
And thanks his God his home's in view at last!

As sign-posts point dumb fingers on the road,
So griefs are guides that lead to Heaven's abode!

Old Year, I thank thee, not for Joy alone!
'Tis good that I both Joy and Grief have known!

Star of the East.

O HEART bowed with grief, cease thy useless repining!
Beyond all the clouds and beyond their dark lining,
Look up to the East! See the Morning Star shining!

O Star of the East, long foretold by the sages,
Your marvellous power our wonder engages!
Your dazzling rays reach the heart in all ages,
Your splendor illumines dark history's pages!

An Epiphany Hymn.

[Hymn Tune 63.]

LORD, we kneel in adoration
At Thy feet, our King confessed,
Promised since the earth's creation,
God in Man made manifest!

Not alone the Eastern sages
See and follow Thee, their Star,
But the wise men of all ages
Bring their treasures from afar!

Each succeeding age the brightness
Of Thy Heavenly Light appears,
Shining thro' the clouds of darkness,
Yet more lustrous thro' the years!

Jesus, Lord, accept the offering
Of each pilgrim soul today!
To Thy Light see Nations gathering!
Lord, illumine Thou their Way!

This hymn was sung at The Children's Epiphany Festival in St. Andrew's Cathedral in Honolulu. This was a United Sunday School Service, in which twelve Honolulu Sunday Schools took part. Over 500 children of many races were present, the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans in their native costumes and each school carrying their lovely banners—a never-to-be-forgotten sight and an object lesson in Missionary endeavor.

Sunset.

HID down in a meadow in clover knee-deep,
Lies a dear little lamb with its mother asleep!
The great orb of day sinks slowly to rest,
Suffusing with crimson the skies of the West!

'Way up in the trees in their warm, downy nest,
With mother's wings o'er them, the little birds rest!
To the tender young buds on branches so strong
The breezes are singing a lullaby song!

And what of the babies, secure from all harm,
Their dreamy eyes closing, no thought of alarm?
Just as twilight steals on and the sun goes to rest,
They are drowsily nodding on Mother's warm breast!

And what of us grown-ups, as night closes in?
Does it find us at peace, in a world full of sin?
Do we sleep at God's bidding, all anxious fears gone,
All trustfully waiting to wake with the dawn?

Like a child with its hand in the Father's clasped tight,
We may sleep if we will, through earth's darkest night!
"Into Thy hands, O Father!" Be this our last cry!
"To sleep or to wake, to live or to die!"

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